

## In Which Stanley Uris Notices Everything by phineasandme

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**Summary:**

Stanley Uris was particularly fond of things that were unquestionably, undeniably, always-going-to-be true. They helped him. The order of their nature, the knowledge that these things were fixated in time, never to change, comforted him and his many fears about the unpredictable world he lived in.

Things like the sun rising in the east, and setting in the west. Like how an inch would always equal 2.54 centimeters. Like how birds flew south for the winter.

Or, like how his best friends Richie and Eddie were in love.

This is basically a collection of one-shots of Reddie from Stan's POV. He loves them but jeez they're so messy



## 1. In Which There is a Prologue

Stanley Uris was particularly fond of things that were unquestionably, undeniably, always-going-to-be true. They helped him. The order of their nature, the knowledge that these things were fixated in time, never to change, comforted him and his many fears about the unpredictable world he lived in.

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Or, like how his best friends Richie and Eddie were in love.

Stan had always been more of an observer, and this was how he preferred it. Even with his friends, he was perfectly content to watch them instead of inserting himself directly. Because of this, he noticed a lot. Some things were subtle, like how Bill scratched his ear when he got nervous, or how Bev would stop looking people in the eye when she was upset.

Others were obvious.

Like Richie and Eddie.

Stan supposed they had always been in love. He didn't really remember a time where they weren't constantly screeching at each other or touching each other or gazing at the other longingly when they thought no one was looking.

Stan noticed all of it.

He had to admit, sometimes it was annoying, especially when it was so glaringly obvious and no one else seemed to notice. Richie didn't constantly grab the rest of the Losers, or have special nicknames for any of them. Eddie didn't get angry at anyone but Richie, and never seemed to blush or get flustered until Richie entered a room.

But Stan kept quiet about it, and took comfort in watching it unfold. He supposed that he was witnessing something beautiful happen, a

specific, slow-burning type of love that only happened when the stars aligned and everything fell into place precisely as it should. Stan didn't know how Eddie and Richie had gotten so lucky.

All he knew for certain was that, just like the sun rising in the East and setting in the West, Richie Tozier and Eddie Kaspbrak were in love. They always had been, and they always would be.

## 2. In Which There is a Sleepover

“I’m having a s-s-sleepover t-t-tomorrow,” Bill said one day at Stan’s locker. Eddie was there, too, fumbling with the various pill bottles in his fanny pack and muttering to himself about some stomach virus spreading through the school. “It’s b-been s-s-s-so long since w-w-we’ve had one w-with all the L-losers.”

Stan considered this as he absentmindedly watched Eddie count the pills in one of his bottles. They were juniors in high school, and, while the Losers were still close, various things kept them from hanging out as much as they used to. It scared Stan, if he was being honest. He had a gut feeling that he was never going to find friends as accepting and kind as the Losers, and the thought terrified him. Stan was already lonely at the thought of them drifting apart, the thought of the routine of high school ending and being forced to enter the chaotic real world.

“...have to ask my mom, Bill,” Eddie was saying, zipping his fanny pack shut. “You know she doesn’t like last minute stuff.”

“I kn-n-n-now,” Bill said apologetically, “B-b-but this w-w-weekend is p-perfect. M-my parents are out of t-t-town and Bev and Ben and Mike all s-s-said they c-c-could come.”

“I’m in,” Stan said decisively, and cherished the warmth that Bill’s smile brought to his stomach.

A gleeful shout of “Eddie Spaghetti!” interrupted their conversation as Richie Tozier came barreling towards him.

Richie bothered Stan a lot because he was just so... messy. He was a mess of crude jokes and wrinkled shirts and had probably never made a plan for anything in his entire life. Yet Stan felt closer to him than most people; something about Richie’s sheer carelessness was comforting and endearing.

“Richie, don’t you fucking touch me,” Eddie warned in shrill tones, but Richie wasted no time in enveloping the smaller boy in a hug so strong that it lifted him off the ground. Eddie shrieked in annoyance,

his threats to Richie muffled because his face was buried in Richie's chest, as Richie laughed gleefully.

"Edward Spaghedward, is that anyway to greet your dearest pal?" he asked triumphantly in one of his weird voices.

Stan rolled his eyes.

When Richie finally put Eddie down, Eddie shoved him in apparent anger. "Fuck off, Trashmouth, and don't call me that," he snapped angrily, but Stan noticed that his cheeks were flushed a brilliant pink, and that his eyes lingered on Richie for a little longer than necessary. Richie gazed at Eddie fondly for a moment before turning to Bill and Stan.

"So, what's the move for this weekend?" he asked cheerfully. His glasses were askew and there was a slight pink in his cheeks, but he seemed not to care. "Whose bones are we boutta fuck?"

"What the fuck does that even mean?" Eddie snapped at him. "You can't fuck bones, you can't even—"

"—I was talking about—"

"Bill's having a sleepover," Stan said loudly, attempting to cut off the bickering before it began. Once Richie and Eddie got started, they didn't stop for anything.

"Oh, nice!" Richie said genuinely, nodding at Bill. "Waddaya say, Eds? We gonna make an appearance at this thing?"

Eddie shoved him again. "Don't call me that, fuckface," he said, though the anger in his voice didn't quite reach his eyes. "And I have to ask my mom first."

"Oh, fuck, I forgot," Richie said, slapping a hand to his forehead. "Bill, I'm not sure if I can make it... I already have plans..."

"Richie, I swear to God, if you say anything ab—"

"Me and Eddie's mom have a little date planned for tomorrow, if you know what I mean." Richie wiggled his eyebrows and smirked at

Eddie's enraged expression.

"Fuck you, Richie!" Eddie screeched, and punched Richie's arm. Richie just laughed and pulled Eddie into a tight hug again.

"You know you love me, Eds," he said, grinning into Eddie's hair.

"Don't call me that," Eddie muttered, but Stan could see his blush from three feet away.

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Richie told truly horrible jokes. Stan didn't even attempt to hide his distaste as they sat on Bill's dingy couch together, idly waiting for the rest of the Losers to arrive. Bill, Bev, and Mike were chatting in the other corner.

Stan had to acknowledge the contrast between the two of them; it was almost like a pattern, a comforting, distinctive parallel that would never change. Where Richie was lounged out, slumping into the couch with his feet up on the coffee table, Stan sat erect with his hands in his lap; Richie's atrocious Hawaiian shirt was stained and crumpled, haphazardly thrown on his skinny frame, while Stan's white polo was spotless, clean, and pressed. Richie annoyed him to no end, but his presence was oddly comforting in its own chaos.

Bill ran upstairs to retrieve Ben, who descended the stairs, beaming; Bev immediately enveloped him in a hug as the rest of them waved.

Richie was just starting in on some ridiculous, convoluted joke concerning an airplane, a ghost, and a parrot, when Bill appeared on the stairs again, followed by a chattering Eddie.

"—brought three different bags, and it's important to keep them separated," he was saying rapidly, "one of them is specifically for toiletries and another has my pairs of extra clothes just in case something were to happen which really isn't that unlikely if you really think about it—"

Richie immediately sat up straighter and ran a hand threw his hair at Eddie's arrival, but, to Stan's surprise, he didn't yell at the smaller boy, instead plowing onward with his ridiculous joke.

“So then the waiter says to me, he says—”

“I thought it was a waitress,” Stan said drily, watching how Richie’s eyes followed Eddie.

“I—what?” Richie asked, tearing his eyes away from Eddie, who was carefully arranging his enormous bags and explaining to Ben the importance of their arrangement in his mile-a-minute voice. “Jesus, Stan, get with the times! Gender doesn’t exist!”

Stan rolled his eyes. “How inconsiderate of me.” He waited patiently, mentally keeping track of how long it would take before Richie and Eddie greeted each other. Personally, he thought they wouldn’t last another minute. Sure enough, Eddie was now addressing the larger group of Bill, Bev, and Mike about the importance of a backup toothbrush in cases such as these, but his eyes kept flickering over to Richie as he spoke.

“And then the... then the...” Richie mumbled. He gave a brief look at Stan, almost as if to apologetically say, “sorry, there’s something I gotta do first,” before giving in and shouting, “Eddie Spaghetti, you’re here! What, no kiss for your husband?”

Without missing a beat, Eddie flipped him off while continuing to rapidly speak to the others about gum disease.

Stan had to give it to Richie, he was nothing if not persistent. “Oh, that’s okay, I see how it is, Eds,” Richie yelled, sinking back against the cushions. “You know, your mom is never this standoffish.”

Stan rolled his eyes.

At this, Eddie stopped, giving Richie a murderous look. “Don’t talk about my mom, Richie!”

“You should have heard us last night,” Richie said, throwing his hands behind his head and grinning. He knew he had won. “Damn, she can really moan when we’re getting into it—”

“Fuck you, Richie!!” Eddie screeched, and he was over to the couch quicker than Stan knew was possible. Eddie yanked Richie off the couch, the two of them tumbling to the ground with the force of it.



They started wrestling, Eddie shrieking in anger and Richie laughing delightedly, becoming a strange entanglement of limbs and flushed faces.

Stan rolled his eyes and extricated himself, longing for some saneness.

“Hey, Mike.”

“Hey, Stan.”

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After several hours passed, the Losers found themselves lounging around Bill’s basement, lazily watching a cheesy horror movie from the 40’s. Stan had found himself a nice spot on the floor against the wall, with only Bill near him; Bev and Ben were snuggled together on the recliner; Mike sat alone on the couch, Eddie having just vacated the other spot as he carried his toiletry bag upstairs to prepare for bed. Richie was somewhere upstairs, grabbing food for himself.

Bill laughed at a particularly fake-looking murder, catching Stan’s eye. The two shared a grin. Stan found himself relaxing, relishing in this calmness, the comfort of his friends. He found that he was quite happy. Mike’s quiet laugh, Bev and Ben’s soft murmuring to each other, Bill’s steady grin—

Richie slunk downstairs, his arms full of snacks. “Where’s Spaghetti?” he asked immediately, in a would-be casual tone, dropping something on the stairs.

“Upstairs,” Stan and Mike said at the same time. They smiled at each other.

Richie nodded, dumping the pile of chips and popcorn in the middle of the floor. He shoved his glasses up on his nose, eyeing Eddie’s vacated spot.

Stan watched as Richie decisively made his way over to the couch and sat, smirk already present on his face. Eddie would be pissed, and Richie knew it—there were no seats left, and Eddie would sit on the floor just as soon as the pigs on Mike’s farm started flying.

Stan caught Bill's eye and shook his head. Bill just grinned.

Eddie took quite some time in the bathroom, and things quieted down again. Mike dozed off on the couch, his head resting against the wall. Stan caught himself drifting off, too, waking up in spurts to see new terrible special effects and screams. Ben and Bev became quiet in the corner.

Then, Eddie bounded down the stairs, carrying his toiletry bag like it was made of glass. "Bill, your bathroom looks nice," he said as he hopped down the last step, "did you get it reno—" then he spotted Richie, and immediately shifted gears.

"Richie, get the fuck out of my seat!"

Richie sat up, grinning widely. He made a big show of spreading out his legs and arms so that there was no chance of another person fitting on the couch. "Oh, were you sitting here, Spaghetti?" he asked lazily, as if he hadn't been sitting there waiting for this precise moment for the past thirty minutes.

Eddie narrowed his eyes. "Yes, you know I was sitting there, Richie, and don't try to act like you didn't know that because I know you did, fuckface," he shot at him, throwing his toiletry bag to the ground with a flourish.

Stan had the odd urge to laugh. Bill looked as though he, too, were stifling a laugh. They met each others' eyes and looked away.

"Move, Richie, or I swear to God—"

"Eds, shhhhh!" Richie whispered, putting a finger to his lips. "We're actually trying to watch a movie, here, Eds, could you keep it down?"

Eddie's face went red with rage. Stan had to admit that, for such a small boy, when Eddie was angry, it was quite scary.

Eddie marched over to Richie and stood directly in front of him, his hands on his hips. "Move, asshole, or I'll—"

"Eds, baby, I love you, but you're kinda ruining the movie, honey—"

Eddie sputtered at him, turning to the others as though to appeal for help. A light blush spread on his cheeks. Mike snored softly. "Tell him to move," Eddie demanded of Bill and Stan, "he's being an ass and you know it—"

But Richie took advantage of Eddie's turned back, and he reached out, wrapping his arms around Eddie's waist. He yanked him back so that the smaller boy was sitting directly in Richie's lap.

Stan rolled his eyes at Bill. Bill shook his head, returning his gaze to the movie.

It took Eddie a moment to process what had happened, but when he did, he was even angrier. "Let go of me, Trashmouth!" he yelled, pulling at Richie's grip. How Mike slept through all of it, Stan had no idea.

"But Eds, now we both get to sit here!" Richie said, grinning fondly at him.

"I don't want to sit with you, asshole!" Eddie screeched, but Richie's arms held fast.

"You're just so damn cute, Eds," he said gleefully, pulling him closer into his chest. "I'm sorry, I just can't help it."

"Fuck you, Richie," Eddie said with a humph, but his cheeks flushed. Stan watched as Richie murmured something in his ear and the smaller boy's face turned an even deeper shade of red.

Eddie seemed to notice that he had perhaps given up the fight too easily, and announced that at least Richie's lap was better than the floor. Stan saw as he relaxed into Richie's chest and Richie tightened his arms around him. A soft smile came over Eddie's face as Richie rested his chin on top of Eddie's head.

Stan rolled his eyes. Idiots.

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Stan dozed off for a while, but awoke to the sound of soft voices. He opened his eyes slowly, peeking at the room; Bill lay on the floor,

sound asleep, Mike still snored, and Bev and Ben were calmly sleeping, wrapped around each other in the recliner.

Eddie and Richie were quietly murmuring to each other. Eddie was still in Richie's grasp, but sideways, his head leaning against Richie's chest, absentmindedly playing with Richie's fingers. Richie ran his fingers through Eddie's hair gently. Their legs were intertwined, so much so that Stan couldn't tell whose legs were whose.

"...we'll get a big ass house," Richie was murmuring, so softly that Stan had concentrate very hard to hear, "and there'll be hundreds of rooms..."

"What, are we getting married or something?" Eddie asked, smiling. He fiddled with Richie's ring finger.

"Fuck yeah, we are!" Richie declared, and Eddie shushed him, giggling.

"Okay," he said, his eyes becoming dreamy. His eyes drooped closed as he snuggled in closer against Richie's chest.

"I mean it, Eds," Richie muttered. "I'd marry the fuck out of you."

"Beep, beep, Richie," Eddie mumbled, his eyes still closed, smiling sleepily. In a few moments, he was asleep.

Stan watched as Richie looked down upon Eddie. His face was so tender, so vulnerable, so emotional that it surprised Stan. Richie looked down at Eddie as though he were the answer to every question in the entire universe. Gently, Richie pressed a kiss to Eddie's forehead.

Stan closed his eyes, then, settling back into a sleep position. He felt as though he had just intruded upon a very precious moment, a rare beauty, an echo of the mysteries of love. Feeling oddly warm, he drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thank you for reading :) please tell me what you think!!! Love you all!!

### 3. In Which There is a First Date

“I don’t even care. Really, I don’t care.”

Stan rolled his eyes, attempting to focus on the puzzle in front of him. Richie was making it difficult.

“Really, Stanley,” Richie said, rolling over on Stan’s bed so that he was facing the ceiling. “I mean it. Eddie can go out with whoever he wants to. I don’t care.”

“For someone who doesn’t care, you sure talk about it a lot,” Stan replied drily. He repositioned a slightly off-skew piece.

“I’m just thinking about it, is all!” Richie protested to the ceiling. He crossed his arms over his chest. “Okay, fine. We can talk about your stupid fucking puzzle instead.”

Stan glared at him for a moment, before glancing back down at his puzzle. He wondered how he had gotten stuck with Richie on this night, of all nights.

No matter what he said, Richie was obviously upset that Cynthia Brock had asked Eddie out; he was even more devastated, though, that Eddie had said yes.

Stanley pictured Richie’s face for a moment, when Eddie had told the Losers about Cynthia. It had turned a strange shade of red. While the rest of the Losers had given Eddie surprised sounds of approval, Ben even offering a congratulations, Richie had been utterly speechless. Richie, speechless. The two words were antonyms. And yet...

Richie had moped around all week, only speaking to Eddie with the cruelest of jabs. Eddie had reacted furiously, and the two of them resorted to angered silence around each other. That made for some tense lunchtimes, as Richie and Eddie’s bickering was part of what made lunch fun. The Losers had sat awkwardly, the rest of them giving confused glances to Eddie and Richie and then to each other. Stanley had a feeling he knew exactly why Richie was so upset, and failed to understand how the other Losers couldn’t see it.

Richie was jealous. So much so, in fact, that he spoke of little else. For some reason, he had chosen to cling to Stanley in his time of need, while Eddie attached himself to Bill.

Stanley was never the best at comforting, but Richie was uncharacteristically... sad. It made Stan wish he had some word that he could say to make Richie feel better, but he knew it was a long shot. The whole dating thing was way out of Stan's area of expertise, and so he simply listened to Richie, offering subtle comments when he could, but hoped that listening was enough.

That was before, though. It had been over a week, and Stan was sick of hearing about Eddie and his, in Richie's words, "stupid fucking playdate," and seeing Richie and Eddie so stony faced and silent around each other.

But it had finally reached the night of the date, and Stan hoped that it would all clear up soon. Eddie had never been on a date with anyone (unless you counted Richie, which, Stan supposed, you could), and Stan had doubts that it would go over well. Richie seemed to be praying that it went horribly.

"...if he has an asthma attack, though, do you think he remembered his inhaler? God knows she wouldn't have brought one for him, Jesus, do you think he'll be okay?"

"I thought we were talking about my stupid fucking puzzle now," Stanley said lightly, giving Richie an exasperated look. But Richie looked so miserable, suddenly, that he felt he had to say more.

"Richie... it'll be okay." It was awkward, but it was enough for Richie to sit up and fumble with his glasses, forcing a grin onto his face.

"Yeah, I know, Stan the Man!" he said, giving an obviously fake laugh, trying to play it all off. "I don't give a shit, really." He looked away, but Stan met Richie's eyes and raised an eyebrow.

Richie's expression flickered. Suddenly, there was fear, and longing, and sadness. The emotion in his face was strange to see; usually he wore a mask of laughter, his Voices throwing up a shield against any real feeling. Stan realized suddenly that Richie hadn't used a Voice all

week, not since Eddie had spoken about his date. The thought made him sad.

“I know it’s... hard,” Stan said slowly. “...Seeing Eddie... with someone else.”

Richie gave him a sharp look and opened his mouth as though to say, “What the fuck do you mean?”

But Stan gave him an incredulous, knowing look. Richie faltered, opening and closing his mouth a few times. Then he flopped back onto Stanley’s bed.

“It fucking sucks,” Richie finally said, bitterly.

Stan paused, overwhelmed by the fact that Richie hadn’t denied it. Something had passed between them, a shared knowledge that was too dangerous to even speak aloud. But it was there.

Stan waited a moment. “I think you just... have to trust it’ll all work out. In the way it’s meant to.” He wasn’t sure where those words came from, but once he said them, he was sure they were the right ones.

“But how do you know it’ll work out?” Richie asked softly, eyes on the ceiling.

“It just... does.”

Richie sighed, and rolled over so that he was facing Stan again, who was leaning against his dresser, gazing at his puzzle absentmindedly.

“Easy for you to say, Stan the Man,” Richie muttered. “You’ve never really...” he trailed off, but Stan knew what he meant. And it was true.

Stanley had never really had a crush on anyone. He didn’t know if he ever would. He just knew that he preferred puzzles, and watching birds, and studying his books.

He knew it would probably work itself out, but he couldn’t shake the feeling that that meant he had something... wrong with him. Here all

his friends were, obsessed with girls (or boys) and dating and kissing, and he just... wasn't interested.

"I don't really want to date," he blurted out suddenly, and immediately regretted it. He looked away from Richie, at his socked feet, a ball of something clenching and writhing welling up in his chest as he waited—

"Yeah, that's cool, too, Stan the Man," Richie said calmly. When Stan looked at him sharply, Richie just shrugged.

"You do you, man," he said. "Honestly, you're luckier than the rest of us. Saves you a lot of trouble in the long run."

Stanley was trying to process this, a strange, tentative warmth filling his stomach, when he heard his mother calling from downstairs.

"Stanley! There's a friend here to see you!"

Stanley and Richie blinked at each other. It was rare for Stan to have one friend over, but two in the same night?

Whoever it was, Stan's mom must have sent them up to his room, because there were footsteps on the stairs, and then a quiet knock on the door.

Stan glanced at Richie, who shrugged, before crossing the room and opening it, then stepping back in surprise.

It was Eddie.

He looked tinier than usual, if that was possible; he was hugging himself, and staring at the ground, only looking up when the door was wide open. Stanley was surprised to see tears on his cheeks; he also noticed smudges of dirt on his blue sweater.

"Eddie," Stan said. "What are you doing here?"

Though he was replying to Stan, Eddie locked eyes with Richie, who had stood up and was gazing at Eddie in rapt concern. "I went by Richie's house, but his mom said he was here," Eddie said quietly, speaking of Richie as though he wasn't standing three feet away and



the two of them weren't gazing at each other.

"Oh," Stan said, and shut the door behind Eddie as he padded across the room and sat down on Stan's bed, sighing heavily.

"Eds, what happened?" Richie asked, barely above a whisper. He was hovering awkwardly by the bed. Stan got the sense he didn't know what to do with himself.

"It was bad," Eddie muttered. "A bad... bad date." He fumbled in his pocket and pulled out his inhaler. Took a puff.

"Jesus, what happened?" Richie asked immediately, plunking down next to him. Stanley assumed a crossed-leg position on the floor. He thought it quite ironic that this was happening in his room.

"It was... weird," Eddie said in disbelief. He was staring at the ground as though in a trance. "We kept trying to talk... but she didn't really want to talk about... and then..."

"What?"

"I don't know... Richie, I think she wanted to kiss me," Eddie said in a horrified voice. Richie's expression mirrored his terror. "But she had something in her teeth... and this weird lipstick on..."

"Yeah?"

"I don't know, I sort of freaked. I couldn't breathe. It was gross. Then she started going in on me, calling me a freak and..." he groaned and buried his head in Richie's arm.

Stanley felt as though this was meant to be a private moment between the two of them, his discomfort growing by the second, but couldn't escape the fact that this was his room, and his house. So he stayed, wishing he could think of something to say.

"Eds, it's okay," Richie was murmuring. He had an arm around Eddie, fingers poised to stroke his hair. "Cynthia's a bitch, anyways."

Eddie said something into Richie's shoulder, but it was so muffled that Stan couldn't make it out.

“Jesus Christ, Eds, no, you’re not a freak!” Richie said, aghast. “She’s the freak.”

“I just feel like,” Eddie said, emerging from Richie’s shoulder, “I feel like the whole thing was a big joke. I hate that feeling, guys.”

Stanley was grateful for the acknowledgement but found himself at a loss for what to say.

“So what if it was?” Richie asked angrily. “They’re all assholes. Ain’t no one you can trust in this town ‘cept us, you know that, boy.” He had adopted one of his weird Voices, one with a Southern twang.

Eddie smiled a little, then sniffled. “Sorry, Stan,” he said, half-heartedly shoving Richie off his shoulder. He suddenly seemed embarrassed. “Didn’t mean to interrupt you guys.”

Stan shook his head. “It’s all good.”

“Words of wisdom from Stan the Man!” Richie exclaimed, with the biggest grin Stanley had seen in a while. “Say, Eds, d’you wanna come over? We could—”

“No, Richie,” Eddie said, wiping his face with his sweater sleeve and standing matter-of-factly. “My mom’s probably already freaking the fuck out.”

“Awh, fuck her! You could just call her from my house, say it’s something real important we’re doing.”

“Or I could just sneak out later,” Eddie said, rolling his eyes and giving Richie a knowing look. He already sounded better.

Eddie suddenly seemed to remember that Stanley was in the room, and blushed.

Stanley just grinned, shrugging.

“Oh, Eddie Spaghetti, I’ll be counting the minutes until you come!” Richie drawled, clinging to Eddie’s arm. “I just... I won’t be able to stand it without you! My dearest, darlingest...”

“Bye, Stanley,” Eddie said pointedly, shoving Richie off before showing himself out of the room.

Richie hung back a second, looking at Stan, barely able to meet his eyes. “Thanks for...”

“Hey, Richie. It’s all good, remember?”

Richie looked up, an embarrassed flush in his cheeks. He grinned at Stan’s expression. “You’re the best, Stan the Man, you know that?”

Stan just shrugged.

“The best!” Richie sang, and punched him on the shoulder.

“Hurry up, fuckface!” Eddie snapped from somewhere outside the room.

“The best!” Richie repeated, before finally leaving. Stan wasn’t sure, but he thought he heard them hug.

Then two pairs of footsteps clunked downstairs, a door opened, and they were gone.

Stanley gazed at his puzzle again, smiling slightly.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Stanley and Richie's friendship is my favorite thing okay... Thank you so much for reading!!!!!!

### **Author's Note:**

So I actually started writing this from Eddie's POV but I hated it and then I started thinking like... I wonder what Stan is thinking when he watches these dumbasses... and this happened!!! I hope y'all enjoyed please feel free to comment or whatever you wanna do!!! If you made it this far ily thank you!!!